

THE PROCLAMATION.

WORKING-UP SENTIMENTS APPROPRIATE TO THANKSGIVING.

A Rough Draft Goes the Rounds and Picks Up Additions in Tink of All Colors—Finally Engraved on Cream Colored, Gilt Edged Paper and Signed.

The concoction of that time honored document, the Thanksgiving proclamation, which sails forth annually as the impromptu expression of the national executive's religious gratitude, is the terror of the state department. Every year it is called upon to produce something new in that line, and its efforts to avoid it possible verbatim copying of last year's letter, is one of the venerable jokes of the diplomatic greenroom.

About the first or second week of November, everybody knowing that the day falls on the last Thursday of that month, the chief clerk or some assistant secretary suggests that it is time to think about the "proclamation."

The chief clerk accordingly runs down the list of drafting clerks, ascertains which of Uncle Sam's servants is at the time basking in innocuous desuetude and dispatches to the delinquent by messenger an order to get up a draft for the proclamation.

This rouses the clerk from his lethargy. He rises to the situation with alacrity. His first inspiration is to turn out a paper different from its predecessors. The second arrests the divine afflatus. What on earth can he say that has not been said?

He writes the word "whereas" and pauses. In despair, at length, he turns for help to the classics—that is, he consults what Van Buren, Tyler and Fillmore have said in past years and makes that a groundwork for a draft. This embryo proclamation is then sent, through the chief clerk, to the assistant secretaries.

The first touch up the document receives is the insertion of a lot of capital H's for deification, which the clerk has forgotten in the throes of composition. Then an assistant secretary, finding it remote in place, proceeds to insert pious fervor, proceeds to insert piety with red ink marginal notes.

Thus the word "prayer" is followed by "songs of praise," and "tribute of gratitude" is bracketed after worship. So long, so faithfully has this servant of the people discharged this self appointed task that he is known in office parlance as the "divine invocator."

Thus revised the draft proceeds to some other grand mogul of the diplomatic greenroom, who finds that now that the deity has been duly attended to something complimentary is due the nation at large. So careful, in blue pencil, insert "our prosperity and greatness," the "labors of our people" or "our merits of trade and traffic."

This tricolor draft is now handed around to the various departments, where it is revised and revised. It is in a pensive mood. Seizing a pencil, he adds "that we have not been visited with swift punishment for our shortcomings."

Another handles the document and finds that it is too general, fails to identify the year, so he brings in a few master strokes in purple indelible pot-pinks alluding to the "deadly march of pestilence," "afflictive dispensation" and "fury of the elements."

The document now seems to meet the requirements. It is sent to an engraving clerk, who proceeds to "fecit secundum artem," like a drug clerk making up a prescription. There are rules to be observed, rules as inviolable as those governing the Bank of England. A certain cream colored gilt edged paper is used. An elaborately ornamental title is flourished half way down the page in old German capital script announcing "A Proclamation by the President of the United States."

The original whereas has met with many vicissitudes during the travels of the draft.

Restored to its proper dignity, the chief difficulty now is to disentangle the many colored insertions which crawl like caterpillars all over the sheet. By standing on his head, squinting on the bias or tramping his guessing bump to its utmost, the engraving clerk at last turns out a highly respectable and decorous looking document.

He submits it to the chief clerk. Meanwhile he waits in nervous suspense lest it be returned with a request for another copy or be disfigured by the insertion of more colored caterpillars.

If the engrossed copy is approved, it is taken to the White House. The executive may or may not read it. It is never safe to say he does not, but he never fails to sign it. With the president's signature it returns to the state department.

A lithograph copy is struck off and sent abroad to our ministers and consuls.

The original is filed in the "Book of Credence," a somber, venerable volume exhalant an old time aroma from its yellow time stained pages, which preserves from the foundation of our glorious republic the proclamations of all our executives in exquisite script, for the typewriter, that cruel electrocutor of the epistolary art, has yet to desecrate the precious files of the state archives.

Before seeking its mausoleum, however, a typewritten copy of the Thanksgiving proclamation is given out to the press, and the millions of readers think what a very pious, God fearing man is the president.—New York World.

Economic.

The Boston Transcript has heard of an economical man. He is a locksmith, and needing a sign he went to a sign painter and got an estimate for lettering. Then he nailed two locks to a board and asked the painter to paint after them the word "mith." The Philadelphia Ledger suggests, however, that it would have been cheaper to have used only one lock and paid the painter for an "L."

A Congressman's Great Speech.

The other day I was listening to a congressman relating to a small circle his experience at a recent convention. I will make a secret of his name, as I propose to live long and uninterruptedly in the land which the Lord elected, and in no wise crave to be cut off in the blushing morning of my days. The fact is, this statesman is a very broad, athletic one, of a shifty and uncertain temper.

"Yez should have heard me speech," he said. "It was a lulu. And I paid me respects to Congress, too, me boy. I told em the way matters had been mismanaged we wouldn't have the money to meet the expenses of the present physical year. Thin I bore down on the hypnotizin practiced in this house."

"The hypnotism?" queried a listener. "Yis, the hypnotism. The appointment of all them sons and re-latives of congressmen to lococative stipends. Here's the byz of three congressmen on the page's roll now, he livins, earnin their seventy-five dollars a month the year round and them bys, mind yez, only nine and tin years old, and the legs of thin no bigger than spindles. I should say it was hypnotizin."

"And thin," continued the congressman, "whin our man went through all right I jumped up and moved to make his nomination ceremonious, and thin the foon began."

"Unanimous, you mean," corrected an auditor.

"Well, phwativer it is, I done it, but they voted it down. All the same he's nominated, which is what we were after."—Washington Cor. Kansas City Times.

Rainmaking Bombs.

A company engaged in the manufacture of explosives in this city has for sale now small bombs about the size of frankfurter sausages, with which it is said the farmer can bring down small showers of rain whenever he sees clouds over his land.

The constituents of one bomb are divided into two parts, liquid and solid, which are both separately nonexplosive. These can be kept separate until the time comes to use them, when they are mixed.

The solid part is about an inch in diameter and eight inches in length, and is wrapped in cotton. These bombs are placed in grooved tin boxes, each holding ten. A small tin measure, containing the liquid part, accompanies each box. It is graduated to show the quantity needed to saturate the bomb to the exploding point.

Five or fifty bombs may be used, according to the amount of rain needed, or the detonation required. How the farmer is to know how much detonation is needed is a dubious matter. The bombs are tied in a bundle, a time fuse is attached and the whole lot discharged from a mortar and at the passing cloud.

In hilly countries clouds often pass over the valleys and discharge their contents on the barren mountain sides. In such regions, it is said, the bombs

A City Marshal Abroad.

One of the city marshals who took a vacation recently and went to France found what a big man a marshal over there is and how much a marshal's badge amounts to. He started to go to several places of public interest in Paris at an hour when they were not open to the public. At the entrance he was stopped and told that the places were closed. He said that he was an American and had only a short time to stay in Paris, and that if he could not get in then it would be too late. That made no difference until he happened to put his hand in his trousers pocket for some change with which to try to bribe the attendant. His coat was unbuttoned, and his arm pulling back the lapel showed his big city marshal's badge in blue, gold and gilt, with the word "Marshal" on it big enough to be read ten feet away. As soon as the Frenchman saw the word marshal he became obsequious. The American marshal, as the city marshal became known, was shown around with a great deal of consideration, and the Frenchman declined to accept a fee.—New York Sun.

She Appealed to His Patriotism.

A friend of mine has a "polly" that is very talkative. Sunday he put the bird on the parlor window sill. Polly pretty soon caught sight of a policeman who was just passing by, who was also a member of the A. O. U. E. and shouted at him, "What a hilt!" The policeman turned around, and seeing no one near, turned to go away. No sooner had he turned his back than Polly again shouted at him. This time Polly was caught. The policeman drew his club, and shaking it at Polly, said: "It's you is it? It's a good thing you're a polly, for if it wasn't for your color I'd shoot ya."—New York Recorder.

A Long Span of Wire.

It is claimed that the longest span of telephone wire is across the Ohio river, between Portsmouth, O., and South Portsmouth, Ky. The wires at this point span the river from a pole on the Ohio side, measuring 102 feet above ground, to the Kentucky hills on the opposite side, the distance being 3,773 feet between poles. The wire is made of steel, and its size is No. 12 gauge.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Carlyle Would Talk.

Professor Blackie has said of Carlyle: "I admired his genius. But how he would talk—talk—talk, and give nobody a chance to put in a word! One night I actually shook him. His wife had been trying all the evening to say something. But there was not the smallest chance. I took hold of him, and shook him, saying, 'Let your wife speak, you monster! But it was of no use.'"

The All-important Organ.

A man feels pretty badly scared when his heart is in his throat, but he feels a great deal more scared when his stomach is there. That is one of the signs of dyspepsia.—Atchison Globe.

THE PERIL OF THE FUTURE.

Unwisdom, the danger of the future. One only can see. That will endure. All other friends are dear. He knows how dear. Who gave them for our joy. And so we here.

All other loves are sweet. He knows how sweet. Of whom and souls that lack. For love entreat.

But friends however true. This life will test. And they will fail us oft. Who know us best.

And loves however strong. In time may change. Misfortunes may divide. New ties estrange.

Forest of all will come. Some sad offense. Mistrust will clutch, and doubt. Drive friendship hence.

Oh, slow of heart to feel. What yet we own. One only perfect friend. Hath any known!

—H. M. Kimball in New York Independent.

The Transition of Electrical Theories. To the question, "What is electricity?" which is often asked, no absolute and satisfactory answer has yet been found. Notwithstanding the wonderful development of electrical applications, electricians are still feeling their way as to the nature and many of the principles of the operation of the mighty force that they are learning to control. This was suggestively shown by a remark made by the vice president of the American institute of electrical engineers at the annual convention of that body.

The speaker claimed that the present theories of electricity should be regarded merely as stepping stones to more comprehensive and satisfactory ones. He contended that modern theories of electrical phenomena, if adopted as an absolute framework of all our knowledge of these subjects, may, in a few years, become prison bars that will prevent the mind from making a free and unprejudiced investigation of new theories and new phenomena, and giving due weight and significance in the general science of electricity to the results obtained by the most recent experiments.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Future of the Mississippi Valley.

The delta of the Mississippi, below its junction with the Ohio, richer than the Nile or the Rhine, exceeds the combined area of Holland and Egypt, and is destined under the stimulus of free labor and the incentives of self government to build a fabric of society more opulent and enduring. Add to this the inexhaustible alluvion of the streams above, and the fertile prairies from which they descend, and the arithmetic of the delta has no logarithms with which to compute the problems of the commercial future. It is preponderant of this.

destinies of the human race. We stand in the vestibule. We have not yet entered the temple.—John J. Ingalls in Lippincott's.

He Was the Duke.

When, in 1883, Professor Freeman was examining Battle abbey, he found himself dogged by a person who, as he thought, somewhat officiously outbrided his offers of assistance. After vainly trying to shake him off, he broke forth with: "I don't want your assistance. The Duke of Cleveland promised that I should not be interfered with by the gardeners." "Exactly so," was the reply: "I hope they have obeyed my orders. I am the Duke of Cleveland."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A London Bachelors' Club.

The Bachelors' club, a London institution, in 1891 suffered no fewer than twenty-three defections in the shape of members who married; but the club gained £375 in fines at the rate of £25 a wedding. The club is flourishing, and seems on the whole to encourage rather than deprecate matrimony as a fine art. There are still 839 bachelors in the list of members.—London Tit-Bits.

Deaf Mute Pupils.

It is not generally known what wonderful progress has been made in this country of late years in teaching the dumb to speak. It appears from the official records that last year articulation was taught to no less than 4,245 pupils in American schools for the deaf. In a large number of these cases, the infirmity dated from birth and was inherited.

Discovered Affection.

Clara—Can it be, Dolly, that you are to marry Mr. Smith, after saying to me repeatedly that you could not endure him? Dolly—The truth is, Clara, dear, that until I heard that his aunt had died leaving him a fortune I was deceived in my own feelings toward him.—Exchange.

In New Orleans the dog catchers who feed the pound with vagrant curs proceed about their work with a slip noose, which they hold in front of the dog's head or under his feet.

The Spanish government has taken possession of the largest shipbuilding works in that country, and is offering inducements for English shipwrights to superintend the work.

Horace Greeley once described a very famous literary woman of the last generation as "a great woman and a greater bore. Her talk was incessant."

It is a curious fact that the late Earl of Yarborough should have married a lady named Flare, and the present one a lady named Fox.

Out of thirty-two cities with populations ranging from 200,000 to 50,000, all but one are using the electric rail.

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